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A CLUSTER OF MARGUERITES



BY
MARGARET SEALY

THE
Abbey Press

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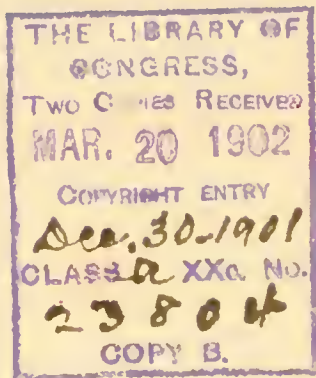
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WITH SINCERE AFFECTION
I DEDICATE THIS, MY FIRST VOLUME,
TO
Mrs. Collis P. Huntington
WHOSE KINDLY INTEREST AND
LOVING GENEROSITY
HAS BRIGHTENED THE LIVES OF MYRIADS
OF HER FELLOW-BEINGS.

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A CLUSTER OF MARGUERITES.

Little Bee.—(Song.)

LITTLE BEE so airy,
I often think with pain,
As you flit in vale so sunny,
Robbing flowers of their honey,
What would you do, my fairy,
If it should ever rain?

Then said the bee with cunning smile,
Shall I tell what I should do?
I'd gather my honey from many a mile
And fly with it all to you.

Stoke Pogis.

THE kine were homeward lowing and shak-
ing tinkling bells,
The cricket loudly chirping in the fragrant
dewy dells,
When we chanced upon the churchyard, in
Stoke Pogis far away,
Forever made immortal by the pen of poet
Gray.
We lingered in the pathway where Nature's
Violet grows,
The Daisy in its wildness wooed the royal
queenly Rose.
It was indeed a symbol, for the ignorant and
the wise
The Queen and e'en the Peasant are equal
where Death flies.
The old historic church arose beneath the
yew tree's shade,

The belfry tower o'erhung with vines was
crumbling and decayed ;

The Ivy, as it winded in and out among the
eaves,

Of departed Spirits whispered, that had
passed beneath its leaves ;

The buttercup and briar-rose were scattered
o'er the place,

Where Nature's poet Gray was laid, his
earthly form to trace.

A simple stone whereon was writ in words
so tender, true,

“He wrote beside his Mother's grave and
'neath the tree of yew.”

Within the church's dim archway we felt a
spirit when

We read upon an oak-bound pew the name
of William Penn.

Without was sunshine, roses, all to make of
man a Muse,

While here, where all was stern and cold,
Penn had imbibed his views.

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For hard and tedious was the task, on
foreign land he chose
To found a nation in the wilds and conquer
Savage foes.

Not by warlike methods, but the sweetest
mission—Love,
He quenched their fiercer passions with the
power from above.

Now the churchyard in Stoke Pogis yields
itself to Mem'ry's sway,
And the stranger 'mid the Roses feels the
shades of Penn and Gray ;
But the pilgrim in his glory lies amid his
faithful fold,
While his deeds in other countries will for-
ever be extolled.
By his Mother had Gray lingered, and he
made her grave his throne,
Till he reft Earth's tiresome bondage, and
escaped to Worlds unknown.

Ephemera.

THE butterfly lisped to the flower,
“Let me kiss thee while I may.
Yield to me thy honeyed chalice
Since I live but for a day.”

And the owl screeched to the echo
As he seized his prey in flight,
“I must labor ’mid the sleeping
For I only see by night.”

Then the four-leaf clover, mocking,
Nodded to the waning day,
As the youth to maiden beauteous
Vowed his love should last alway.

Life.

A ROSE which shatters at the faintest touch,
A Sigh, a Tear, a Smile and even such
As fragile Foam upon the Ocean's breast,
So sad, so sweet, so bitter and so blest.

A Dream which restless slips away at Dawn,
A drop of Dew—a Zephyr, then 'tis gone,
And e'en the space in which a star may fall,
So short is Life—a Mem'ry, that is all.

Dare I Love Thee ?

MERRY lass with brown eyes dancing,
Dare I love thee, dost thou say ?
Does the flower scorn the sunshine,
Or the song-bird scorn the day ?

Tho' my love for thee be futile
As the zephyr's gentle plea,
Or the tiny rippling wavelet
On the deep and mighty sea.

Still I'll love but thee, my sweetheart,
Tho' thou'd fain my love suppress,
Since I may not love thee wholly
Let me love thy loveliness.

What I Would Be.

WOULD I were the gem that sparkled
On my lady's hand so fair,
Or the fragrant rose so crimson,
Nestling coyly in her hair.

Would I were the moonbeam stealing
From the blue ethereal skies,
So that I might ever linger
'Mid the sapphire of her eyes.

Would I were the dainty kerchief
Which she raises to her lips ;
Lips that shame the rose's sweetness
Where the thievish insect sips.

Would I were the wayside flower
In my lady's path to lie,
So that I might kiss her slipper
Only once before I die.

Love and Roses.

WOULD that love like heart of roses
Might be plucked and thrown away;
Then might I in idle dreaming,
Gather roses all the day.
But if love could grow so wildly,
As the rose on every tree,
Think you I should stoop to gather
What to every one was free?

Nestled 'neath its perfumed petals,
Love, like rose, may hide a thorn ;
And the sting abideth ever,
Though the fragrance long hath gone.
Here I breathe where roses blossom,
Honeyed hearts with golden vein,
Though I wish I dare not gather
Lest I feel the thorn of pain.

To the Lost Pages of My Diary.

I.

BENEATH an Oak was rudely tossed
A Diary soiled and torn,
The outer leaves, or husk, remained,
Its written heart was gone.

II.

It fell from 'neath a Maiden's breast,
This Rose of Mem'ry rare,
The perfume of whose petaled thoughts
Distilled and soothed all care.

III.

The brilliant butterflies of Joy,
Its blushing leaves had kissed,
Hope's Sunshine and the Dew of Tears
There lingered—to exist.

To the Lost Pages of My Diary. 17

IV.

But yet alas ! the Breeze of Fate
With wanton, cruel phlegm,
Destroyed the Rose, its petals strewed,
And left me—but the Stem.

V.

Oh ! Wand'rer in Life's Garden Fair,
If thou should'st find perchance
The scattered fragments of my flow'r,
Ah ! do not pass askance.

VI.

Return to me, Oh, Friend Unknown,
This token of my heart ;
To you—'tis but a withered Rose,
To Me—of Life, a part.

Peace.

THE crickets chirped an Anthem
Beneath the moon's pale light;
The milkweed, cowslip, blue bell—
Breathed incense to the night.

The prairie throbbed with music
Of insect, bird and beast—
An irresistible sweetness
Of sympathy and peace.

My heart and brain hung tip-toe,
My fettered impulse thrilled,
For silence there had lingered
And Discontent was stilled.

My arms grew faint with yearning
To hold all in my grasp,
Till breast and lips were aching
With pressure's fervid clasp.

A pressure that in crushing
Would fill my soul with calm,
And melt into my being
The Peace of Nature's Psalm.

So sweet, so sacred, Holy,
Ineffably benign,
I felt an humble suppliant
At Nature's wondrous shrine.

And lo ! My prayer was answered
Beneath the milkweed sweet,
A snowy dove with love-notes
Came nestling to my feet.

Aline's Handkerchief.

DAINTY square with edge of lace,
Nestling close to Aline's face,
Why hast thou such liberty?
That which is denied to me,
Golden treasures hast thou there,
For thou toucheth Aline's hair.

Heaven's skies were ne'er so blue,
As her eyes thou peep'st into.
Thou can'st whisper in her ear,
Sweetest nothings, without fear,
Thou should'st feel most perfect bliss,
Fragrant lips thou oft dost kiss.

'Neath her fingers' rosy tips,
Thou dost linger where my lips
Fain would rest them, and thou art
Free to wander near her heart.
Thou art ever near Aline,
Bear my wooing to my Queen.

Twilight.

WHEN the Sun's last rays are tinting
All the world with rosy hue,
And the toiling cease their labor,
When the flowerets catch the dew ;
Then it is that all life's sorrow,
Its ambition and its love,
Ebb and flow in thought's great ocean,
Moved by powers from above.

Quietness teaches us contentment,
Sympathy then holds its sway,
And in pondering o'er to-morrow
We forget our cares to-day.
There we find one conscious moment,
Meet ourselves then face to face,
Living self and self long slumbered,
Kinship each to each doth trace.

May the twilight of our life hold
Rosy rays from deeds benign.
May we rest as tiny birdlings,
Life and hope to God resign.

When Thou Art Near.

SWEETHEART, when thou art beside me,
Heed I not the Sun's decline,
For thine eyes to me are brighter
And thy smile is bliss divine ;
Think I not of Pain or Sorrow,
Folded in thy close embrace,
Dear Heart, with thy love and kisses
I could flaunt misfortune's face.

Yet, alas ! when thou departest,
But a fragile flower am I,
Swaying with each playful zephyr,
Helpless yielding to all nigh.
As the mole is in the sunshine
Or the wounded turtle-dove,
So, Sweetheart, am I without Thee
And thy all pervading Love.

In a Letter.

SWEETHEART, I inclose you something,
'Tis not seen but felt—as Bliss—
Of Love's blossoms 'tis the sweetest,
All would gather, none e'er miss ;
'Tis a Sunbeam and a Zephyr,
With two Rosebuds—and all this
Is bound with one sweet trembling sigh
To send you, dear—a *Kiss* !

The Maple's Sunset.

As the Sun in Maytime's glory sank within
 her couch of old,
 Laid amid the fleecy cloudlets flecked with
 crimson and with gold,
 As she smiled her all on Nature and those
 insects oft called Men
 She beheld a lofty Pine tree smiling in a
 dusky glen.

II.

Far beneath the old Pine's branches dwelt a
 Maple, unaware
 Of the condescending glances which the
 haughty Pine cast there.
 For, said he with mien majestic, "Since I am
 the King of all,
 I may pity e'en the Maple for no Sun-rays on
 her fall."

III.

Soon the Sunbeams ceased to linger and the
Pine tree moaned and sighed
As he glanced upon the Maple, now arrayed
a Forest bride.
For the Frost King gently wooed her, as
he kissed her leaflets green
Till her after-glow of blushes made her
Autumn's Sunset Queen.

The College Girl.

I.

THROUGHOUT the whole creation
A college education
For woman, up to date, is all the rage.
She pores o'er ancient pamphlets,
Makes Greek and Latin samplets,
And studies stars and ethics by the page.

II.

With all her varied learning,
Domestic things she's spurning,
Seeking happiness and duties from afar.
She finds no man her equal,
Misfortune is the sequel,
While she strives to "hitch her wagon to a
star."

III.

Let me add in explanation,
Of this rhyming dissertation,

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That of Latin I have never scanned a line !
Tho' I did not go to college,
Yet my modest share of knowledge
Serves me daily for the duties that are mine.

Floral Love Story.

I.

John Quil loved *Sweet William's Sister*,
 With a love both deep and true.
Lily pure his thoughts did call her,
Morning glory kissed by dew.
Fragrant Sweet Peas were the letters
 Which he sent her by the score.
 Till he went and *Aster Poppy*
 For *Matrimony*, nothing more.

II.

Kneeling then he told *Sweet Alyss*,
Bleeding Heart lay at her feet.
 "Johnny Jump up," she did murmur,
 Offering *Tulips* pure and sweet.
 "Bachelor Buttons, need no longer
 Scatter in *con-fuchia-n* rife,
Heartsease, give you to a *Blue belle*
 Soon to be your loving wife."

III.

Jack in Pulpit them did marry
While the *Elders* stood in shade.
Then *Narcissus* played the *Trumpet*
And a *Daisy* sound it made.
Lilies of the Valley, modest,
Were the bridesmaids, always sweet,
Maiden-hair, with *Violets* clustered
Mingled with sweet *Marguerites*.

IV.

Bridal Wreath was thrown the bride then.
Pink, she blushed, to her hair.
A *Yellow Rose* from *Phlox* of people
Welcoming the happy *Pear*.
Candy-tuft and *Orange-blossom*,
Water-lily, *Milkweed* sweet
Honeysuckle and *Cornflower*,
With *Buttercups*, made Floral meat.

V.

Four-o'clock the bride departed
Toward the land where *Snowdrops* fall,

Sensitive to grief, at parting
Forget-me-not, she said to all.
 Friends then threw the *Ladyslipper*,
 Tied with bows of *Ribbon-grass*,
 And the *Sunflower* beams a blessing,
 On the lovers as they pass.

To Alma.

THE sunbeams kissed sweet Alma's lips,
The winds played with her hair,
The rosebuds heart blushed rosy red
To breathe the perfumed air.
Birds and insects whispered love
As the rose clung to the vine.
Sweetheart, may I kneel to thee,
And ask?—Be mine! Be mine!

My Laddie.

ALL the songs are for my lady,
None are to the laddies fine ;
Though 'tis bold, I must confess it,
I would fain sing one to mine.

Love, where is it thou dost hide thee ?
Far I've searched thee in this land.
Dost thou never feel thine heartstrings
Vibrate from an unseen hand ?

Comest thou from sunny Southland,
Or from Northern shores so bleak ?
Sweetheart, since I may not find thee,
Dost thou wonder that I seek ?

It is said that in this kingdom
Hearts there live for every one,
Let my song sound to the echoes
Till it find and bid thee come.

All I Ask For.

MANY wish that wealth and power
Might their pathway cross some day,
Others strive to capture wisdom,
Glory leads some far astray.

Even greater are my longings,
For they compass worlds to me ;
Thou canst grant my wishes, sweetheart :
All I ask for is—for thee.

Sweetheart Merry.

SWEETHEART merry,
Lips like cherry,
Cheeks that hold the rose's hue,
Fain I'd be the sun or zephyr,
Then I'd steal a kiss from you.

But, my sweetheart,
We must ne'er part
When the sun and zephyr flee.
Would I were thy curl so bonny,
Then I'd dwell for aye with thee.

A Valentine.

SWEETEST vision of my fancy,
Lass I love far more than gold,
Thou art ever in my day-dreams,
In thy hand my heart doth hold.

Yet fate not unkind is, dearest ;
Memory treasures only this,
Blushes and a rose thou gav'st me,
Glances, smiles, which promise bliss.

Dost thou love me, sweetest, dear one ?
Oft I breathe thy name in vain,
Hoping, trusting thou dost hear me ;
Hast thou naught for me to gain ?

Inspiration.

'Tis the wings of angels hovering,
Music's breath, our day-dreams covering,
Glory which from Heaven reflected,
Lifts our hearts, 'bove sordid cares ;
'Tis the gold in sunlight's measure,
'Tis the glimpse of hidden treasure,
As the soul amid its wanderings
Leaps to wisdom unawares.

An Evening Sail.

A TINY craft with quivering snow-white
plume,

A twinkling dot upon the billows set;

A timid new-born moon, which faintly
peeped,

Half veiled, beneath its star-decked cover-
let.

A tender zephyr stirred the playful wave,

Which gurgled in the lull of peaceful
dreams,

And lo! as if by magic, 'neath the craft

Two glittering lines of myriad phosphorus
gleams

Lay, pathlike, stretched into the mistless
gloom

As stars are flecked upon the milky way.

The sea bird sped, and in its fretful wake

The thievish echoes whispered in full sway

The rhythmic strains, which lazily ahung
Upon the lips of Afric's genial race—
A melody so fraught with love's sweet hopes
That e'en the wind with blushes dropt
apace.

A quiet nook which only lovers seek,
A trembling sigh which half revealed a
bliss ;
Two hearts that, restless, found at last a
goal,
And Heaven itself impaled within a kiss.

To Erin.

AH, Erin, me darlint, whenever ye're gone,
The glint o' the sunshine has fled from the
 morn,
The blue of the heavens is faded and gray,
For the blue of your eyes ye have taken
 away.

The waves never laugh as they rippled of
 yore,
Your laughter is ripplin' on some other shore ;
The rose holds its fragrance no longer for me,
For the rose that I cherished ye've plucked
 from my tree.

Ah, Erin, me darlint, from me ye can't part,
For yeself ye have locked fast into me heart ;
 Ye may leave me, my jewel, but ye'll never
 be free,
For my heart is thy prison, where Fate holds
 the key.

A Rosebud.

As I lingered in the twilight
E're the sun's rays, blushing, fled,
Ere the silver-tinted crescent
'Mid the flaky cloudlets shed,
As the Dewdrop kissed the Rosebud,
Then I dreamed, my love, of you,
And I wished that Fate had fashioned
Me a Rosebud, you the Dew.

The Brook and the Water Lily.

A rippling brook
In secluded nook,
Enamored became of a lily.
He murmured at night
With frantic delight,
While the Katydid's chanted so shrilly.
She blushed with surprise
At such hinted ties,
And her dainty head bent to the water ;
He kissed her pure heart
And vowed they'd ne'er part,
For years he had dreamed of and sought
her.

But the sun then came
With his gleaming flame,
And the lily began to languish ;
For his love he told
In accents so bold,
The warmth of his wooing caused anguish.

The Brook and the Water Lily. 43

Then the jealous brook
His love forsook,
And became forever a vagrant ;
So the lily still sighs,
And always there lies
A tear 'neath her petals so fragrant.

At the Ball.

HERE are graceful dancers tripping,
Rosy lips and beaming eyes,
And the music's breath is mingling
With the laughter and the sighs.

E'en the matron here is feeling
For her lord a worldly pride,
While the youth his budding passion
To the maiden doth confide.

Sole amid this festive gathering,
With but roses nestling near,
Sits this poor uncared for Spinster,
And she wishes *you* were here.

The Journey.

BIRDS in fluttering reach their goal,
Blowing Breezes space control,
But Man's sweetest way, when sought,
Travels by the train of Thought.

So unravel, bustling "Bee,"
What the "Rosebud" sends to Thee
And if Memory treasures aught,
Waft her honeyed sips of Thought.

The Moonbeam's Message.

DEAREST, it is when the darkness
Folds me to her peaceful breast,
And the glow-worm woos the rosebud,
And the dove has love confessed,
That my heart is filled with longing,
And my arms stretch forth to Thee,
As I waft thee kisses, Sweetheart,
On each moonbeam which I see.

The Dawn of Love.

(The Aftermath of "Fate.")

And Two there were, who, heeding naught,
by Fate's
Strong hand were led. The mists of dark-
ness vanished,
For they met—And in the moon's calm
beam
Night's sacred smile of Love to slumbering
Earth,
They sought to read Life's meanings thro'
each other's eyes
Or pierce th' unfathomed veil of Future's
dreams,
And yet, with quivering Lips that scarcely
breathed,
With hands tight clasped in mystic bonds,
They paused

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Upon the wavering brink of Love's sweet
 hope

And asked but this: To wander ever thus
In heavenly bliss—Content to live.

Renunciation.

How empty the world now seems, Dear One,
Since your love-troth you've broken with me,
And yet in my tear-laden anguish
While fond hopes and ambitions flee,
I cannot with bitterness chide you,
But bless you for past days of bliss,
When even Existence hung trembling
On each glance, a smile or a kiss.

'Twas a Butterfly sip of Delirium,
E'en a Nectar, which time cannot cloy ;
The love-drop which lay in your Heart, Dear,
And caused me such infinite joy.
Ah, Sweetheart,—Until Death has claimed
you.

My thoughts tread fond Memory's path,
Since my love for you, Dear, is Eternal,
It cannot expire e'en in wrath.

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The Shrine of my Soul holds your image,
Where I pray for your happiness, Dear,
So I give up my life for your freedom.
If Death can but save you one tear,
My Life, Dear ? Ah, God ! 'tis said truly :
“ I've sowed and have reaped,” all in vain,
Though living is anguish, I linger ;
To pray I may serve you again.

The Ocean's Tale.

I sat on the seashore one calm moonlight eve,
And plead with each ripple to tell
How the Mermaids that lived in their coral
homes

Were wooed by the cold Ocean Swell.

If moonbeams were silver ore, slipped in the
sea

To rest on the breast of each wave ;
If the floor of the Ocean were scattered with
pearls,

If the Sea-horse were tied in a cave,

And then came the words to me scornfully
clear,

As if from some mystical vale :

“ You needn't to put any salt, Dear, on me
In order to catch my tale.”

The New Moon.

“MUZZER,” said the maid of three,
As she looked at the moon so new,
“I didn’t know that God had hands.
But His finger-nail’s poking froo”!

A Grain of Song.

You may talk about your singers,
And your whistlers keeping time
With the ever roaring waters,
And your orchestras sublime.

But of all the “blarsted” noises
That’s emphatic, if not fine,
Is the ringing and singing
Of a grain of old quinine.

The Alamo.

(SAN ANTONIO.)

IN the streets of San Antonio, mid the traffic
 of to-day,
Where the sun's persistent beamings sends
 its fury-piercing ray,
There is found the modern structures ever
 towering by the side
Of those quaint adobe houses where the
 Mexicans abide.
And the streets with narrow windings over-
 hung with China trees,
Seem to frame the cactus'd gardens and the
 ivy covered eaves.
While the dusky-skinned Senoras linger near
 the stranger fair,
Pleading ever "un centavo" for the baby
 clinging there.

But a Texan feels no pity for this cruel fallen
race,
For that ruin from the Plaza, rising from its
ancient place,
Brings to mind that fort and Mission where
our fathers bled and died,
Martyrs to the cause of freedom, butchered in
their manhood's pride.

There our Bowie, Travis, Crockett, with a
band of soldiers brave,
Starved and wounded, fought and ceased
not, till they filled a hero's grave,
There amid the dead and dying, mid the foe's
wild angry yells,
Woke to earth a new-born baby in the cold
and loathsome cells.
Then the foes the walls o'erscaling forced our
men to crawl within,
And with captured cannon plying burst the
door with awful din.

L. of C.

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Travis lay upon his deathbed, urging on the
faithful few,
Till the Mexicans with bayonets, pierced his
body through and through.
Still they fought, though overpowered, ever
steadfast gallant band ;
Well, they knew that Santa Anna held but
vengeance in his hand ;
Fought until the last man dying felt that
freedom's hope was doomed,
Saw without on flaming pyres corpses of his
friends consumed.

Santa Anna to those waiting made his vic-
tory more complete,
Sent the new-born babe and mother as his
message of defeat.
What was then an arid desert, now's become
a rustling town,
And the old historic mission tells to all its
tale profound.

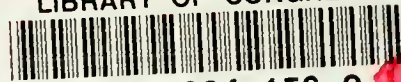
How that Freedom's flower flourished thro'
their sacrifice and pain,
How they died to save their country and
their death was not in vain.
It reminds us of our duty and contents us
with our toils.
For we know that to the valiant soon will
come the victor's spoils.
Fate at last has wreaked her vengeance, for
that tyranny of yore,
Now the vanquished Mexicanos beg for alms
beneath its door.







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